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The Collector

A Current Record of Art, Bibliography, Antiquarianism, Etc.

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454 West 24th St., New York City.

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FROM DAY TO DAY

WITH the commencement of the new season we commence to hear the usual talk of Loan Exhibitions for this, that or t'other purpose, which have become the common recourse of people who want to raise money at the expense of their neighbors. It will be understood that I make no allusion to the exhibitions of the Metropolitan Museum, or of any other institution, which is primarily designed for the public good. But such exhibitions are in the minority. The greater proportion of the loan exhibitions are organized and engineered for more or less personal ends, and have no use for or reference to the public excepting as a bait for the public's money. Some so-called charitable institution wants to add to its already liberal endowments and annual allotments of public money, and gets up a loan exhibition. Some self-constituted artistic reformers or evangelists want to raise a fund to carry on the work they calculate to profit by, and they get up a loan exhibition. Somebody wants to advertise him or her-self and a loan exhibition is the first and cheapest medium that suggests itself for the purpose. This sort of thing goes on in town and out of town, the season through, and the collector is the perpetual victim of a series of petty conspiracies against his enjoyment of his collections. That he has not long since lost all patience and positively refused to be preyed upon has been a source of wonder to me. He certainly has every reasonable excuse for reaching this determination, and if he had the nerve as well as the common sense of my fine old friend Marshall O. Roberts, his rebellion would be firm and effective.

Perhaps there was no man in his time who was as badly imposed on in this way as Mr. Roberts. He was a liberal patron of art and assembled an extensive collection, and he was called upon to strip his walls time and again, until he grew weary of the one-sided sacrifice. One day a loan-exhibition agent called on him with the usual brass-bound request that he should denude the best part of his picture gallery for some show. The shrewd old merchant heard his visitor out, with the genial and hearty courtesy which was native to him. Then he said "How much money do you suppose my pictures would attract to your exhibition, my friend?" "They would be worth five hundred dollars to us, Mr. Roberts." "Very well," scribbling a check, "here is your five hundred dollars. You can't have my pictures. If they're worth that to you they're worth it to me, too."

I am well aware that there are plenty of people who will say that this was a selfish view to take of the matter. Indeed, I remember that one editor, who had, by the way, been generously helped upon his road to fortune by Mr. Roberts, denounced him editorially as "a hog," for adopting the plan in question. But I don't believe there is a right-thinking man alive, who has a heart for things collectable, who will not endorse the position he took. For my part, I think it a pity that we have no more collectors among us who are capable of such an exhibition of nerve. If we had there would be fewer injured pictures, battered frames, cracked bric-a-brac and soiled treasures of the cabinet in the private collections of America than there are. We would have an end to the cheeky demands of amateur showmen for the use of private property, and to the cheap and easy system of self advertisement which this license of levying toll on collectorship affords. If our picture dealers and artists choose to lend pictures for exhibition, it is their own affair. In fact, such a concession on their part is in

the strict line of business, for what they lend they have to sell, and any opportunity to display it is legitimate. But I hold that a demand upon a private collector for the use of his treasures is an impertinence, and that it is the more flagrant because, if the collector refuses to accede to it, a false standard of ethics lays him open to abuse for personal selfishness. A man's collections are as much his personal property as his clothes. His pictures hang on his walls, his porcelains are in his cabinets, his books are housed in his bookcases; and everything, down to the smallest miniature and the most trifling knick-nack, is a part of his domestic comfort, of which no one has the right to deprive him any more than he might be justly deprived of the food he eats. It is very easy to say that it costs a rich man nothing to lend his treasures, but this very argument should prove those who borrow them unworthy of such favor. Generally men collect what pleases them, and what pleases them they like to have about them. To affirm that it costs a man nothing to see the blank spaces on his wall and the black gaps in his cabinets is a piece of effrontery in keeping with the practice which renders him the prey of the exhibition borrower, even as in England of old, the border yeoman was the victim of the moss trooper whose license was his insolence and his spear.

Apart from the mere personal discomfort which the denuding of a man's house in this fashion involves, the actual and definite loss he suffers is to be considered. If he loans pictures there is always a risk attached to their removal and return. Frames are injured, shadow boxes are scratched, the canvases themselves are not infrequently jabbed and even split. On one of the worst days of last winter, I saw a couple of cartmen carrying pictures out of a house to a wagon. The works were of great value and belonged to a collector of wealth and discrimination. In sleet and bitter weather they were being brought from a warm house to an imperfectly covered truck, to be carried a mile or two to their destination. One of the men told me they were going to a certain loan-exhibition. Can anyone believe that these pictures came back to their owner, after their baptism of rain and frost, in as good condition as they left him? When it comes to porcelains and other fragile objects, whose preciousness is entirely independent of mere bulk or substance, the perils they must undergo cannot be easily estimated. A subscriber to this paper showed me last winter a superb *sang-de-boeuf* vase, which had been badly patched about the lip. "I loaned it," said he, "to the Soandso Exhibition. They boxed it so badly that it came back to me with the pieces broken off. I paid \$850 for that vase. It is not worth more than \$500 in its imperfect state." Another subscriber to THE COLLECTOR was applied to for the loan of etchings, of which he is a collector. He sent—at his own charge, so as to be sure they would be safely transported—ten masterpieces, framed and well protected. A week after the show closed, he got back his etchings in a roll. They had been taken out of the frames and tacked on screens. It took him a week more to get his frames back, and then they had all to be repaired. The mats on the etchings—all large and expensive—had disappeared, and had to be replaced. The borrower in this case not only never made an apology for the outrage, but had the cheek to call on the victim later for another slaughter of his collection, which, happily, the victim had the courage to refuse. A lady of my acquaintance, who loaned her collection of fans and old lace to a charity show, got her property back short a fan and several pieces of antique lace. She expostulated and was

told that the committee could not help it. Besides, one of them had the audacity to add, it was in the cause of charity. And after all risks and damages have been incurred, what is the victim's reward? Mr. H. O. Havemeyer loaned the Metropolitan Museum a group of the noblest old masters in this country, and one of the noblest in any private collection in the world. This season he has reclaimed them, and hung them in his own house, and to judge by the newspapers and the expressions of private opinion he, who for several years, has been a benefactor to the public by his generosity, is guilty of the crime of despoiling it!

* * *

Things are bad enough in this way in our New York loan exhibitions. When it comes to those which levy on New York for contributions, they are ridiculously outrageous. Last year a collector of this city was induced to loan half a dozen masterpieces to the St. Louis Exposition. They were returned to him, after three or four months, with some \$100 damage to the frames and an express charge of over \$60 on them. This year a similar levy was made by St. Louis on a Providence gentleman. I happened to be at his house when the pictures came back last week. He had to pay a return expressage of \$50 on them. I did not wait to see what damage they had suffered. It seems to me, however, that collectors in New York will do well to give St. Louis a wide berth in the future.

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The exhibition of etched portraits by Leopold Flameng, which is now being held by the Grolier Club, is the first opportunity which has been afforded an American audience to see this great artist of the burin in his full strength. Flameng might be justly called the last active survivor of the great school of French engraving, for it was as an engraver he began and won his fame, although he has now devoted himself entirely to etching. There are etchers of more picturesque force, like Waltner and Koepping, but none whose range is so wide or whose style is susceptible of such variety. It is a quality of Flameng's art that he can enter sympathetically into any subject, and lend a classical character to the translation of a classical theme, and reproduce the freest and most artistic material in consonance with its spirit. As an original etcher he is even more remarkable than as a reproducer of the originals of others. It cannot but strike one as marvelous that a man capable of such imitative fidelity that he can make you a veritable facsimile of a given subject, should preserve his own individuality and freedom of manner intact. The collection at the Grolier Club includes examples of both his powers, and is appropriately presided over by a noble portrait of the etcher himself, after a painting by his gifted son, François Flameng.

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The re-opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art reveals some valuable additions to the collections, as well as an interesting array of loans for exhibition. Of the former are a superb Henner, "Mary Magdalen at the Tomb," which is a legacy from the late Miss Sarah M. Hitchcock; a Carlo Maratta, portrait of Clement II., the gift of Mr. Archer M. Huntington; an admirable and thoroughly characteristic American "Mountain Stream," by R. M. Shurtleff, which is presented by Mr. William F. Havemeyer; a splendid old illuminated Koran, from Mr. Henry G. Marquand; two majestic silver candelabra, of the most elaborate Tiffany style, the bequest of Mrs. Sarah A. Osgood; a Capo di Monte panel of unique quality, from Mrs. Sophia H. Hosack; a beautiful "Ariadne" in marble, by the late Aimé Millet, presented by Mr. William Schaus; a bronze reproduction of the boar fountain in the Mercato Nuova of Florence, made by Longworth Powers and presented by Mr. D. H. McAlpin; and a marble Raphael by Emilio Zocchi, which is a gift from Mr. J. Harsen Purdy. American art is honorably represented in the loan collection by a number of works from the collection of Mr. William T. Evans, a fine "Frosty Morning" by Carleton Wiggins, loaned by Mr. C. Lambert, and others. The matchless group of old masters belonging to Mr. H. O. Havemeyer has disappeared, to give place to modern works, conspicuous among which is the masterpiece of Charles Delort, the capture of the frozen-in Dutch fleet by French hussars during the Republic, which is loaned by Mr. S. P. Avery, Jr.

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Apropos of the Museum, one may read with interest in a daily paper: "Edward D. Adams recently gave the Metropolitan Museum of Art a large collection of architectural photographs, accompanied by conditions which set Gen. di Cesnola to thinking very hard. The photographs were in twenty-six large volumes, ninety-nine

photographs to a volume. The conditions exacted were that the volumes should be displayed in such a way that visitors could not carry them away, tear or deface them, and yet could turn the leaves at will and study the pictures. Gen. di Cesnola thought over this problem for a long time, and at length devised a case large enough to hold a volume nearly open. When the volume was placed within the covers were secured tightly. A glass lid permitted the student to see the pictures. A hole was cut in the front of the box large enough to enable the visitor to thrust his hand inside and turn the leaves. A sliding door was made for the hole so as to keep dust out when the box was not in use. It will be impossible for anybody to injure the volumes or photographs unless he does so with deliberate maliciousness and some trouble. It is impossible to steal any of them. Mr. Adams is pleased with the solution of the problem, and Gen. di Cesnola recommends the device to other museums." It is to be hoped that some day civilization will render us above the necessity of such safeguards.

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The augmentation of the Avery Architectural Library at Columbia College goes steadily on. With its progress the limitations of space have been found too close for the collection, and provisions have been made for the extension of the room accorded to it. The books of the collection have been provided with a book-plate, bearing the inscription: "In memory of Henry Ogden Avery, architect, born thirty-first January, MDCCCLII., died thirtieth April, MDCCCLXXX., his parents, Samuel P. Avery and Mary Ogden Avery, have founded this reference library of Architectural and Decorative Art."

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The run on pictures by Ribot has already begun on the other side of the water. While in Paris recently the Comte de Flandre bought all the paintings and studies of the artist which he could get hold of. He took to Brussels with him several large boxes filled with curios, rare books and pictures, the latter constituting probably the largest private collection of Ribot's in existence. The advance in prices makes itself apparent, too. The municipality of Paris has bought for \$1,200 a small painting by the master, representing the shop of an antiquarian. An exhibition of Ribot's work will be held at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. His widow has decided to present to the Louvre a portrait of Ribot painted by himself. No sale of paintings has been announced. If one does occur it is certain to be sensational in the character of the bidding.

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While our New York newspapers are spitting out their small spleen against Chicago's World's Fair, the preparations for that great national event advance all the same. Stripped of the absurdities with which our mendacious and malicious press has invested it, this splendid exposition has already unfolded a programme which has excited the admiration of all Europe. My correspondents in England and on the Continent inform me that every possible favor which can be shown by manufacturers or private owners of works of industry or art, is being extended to Chicago. The contemptible jealousy of a town which might have had a World's Fair if it had not wanted to make a political job of it is evidently not reflected by our brethren across the water, but after all Chicago can afford to be sneered at by New York. If New York were not afraid of Chicago, she would beslave her with praise.

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The exhibitions which are occasionally made by H. Wunderlich & Co. in their pretty gallery at 868 Broadway, never fail to attract an audience of our most cultured amateurs. The gallery is at present occupied by an exhibition of engravings of fancy subjects by Bartolozzi and other engravers in stipple. There are nearly fifty examples by Bartolozzi alone, each in its way a masterpiece of this master of his art. We have here those lovely prints, dear as the apple of his eye to the print collector's heart, in which the engraver reproduced the delightful works of Cipriani, Cosway, Benwell, Angelica Kauffman, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other great artists of his time. There are two remarkable copies by W. Blake after George Morland. J. Barnie's beautiful "Happy Cottagers," after Hamilton, three examples of Bonnefoy, two of Thomas Burke, two of A. Chaponnier, Collier's splendid "Lost Children Restored," after Stothard, prints by R. Cooper, J. M. Delatre, G. Demartin, W. Dickinson, G. S. and J. G. Faccians, two noble proofs after Romney, by Richard Earlom, prints of R. Field, T. Gauguin, S. L. Gerard, J. Gisborne, S. Harding, F. Haward, J. Jones, G. Keating, C. Knight, W. S. Leney, Le Voir, R. S. Marquard, R. M. Meadows, J. B. Michel, F. Newenham, J. Ogburn, B. Pastorini, M. Place, B. Roger, T. Ryder, S. N. Schaecker, L.

Schiavonetti, G. Scorodomoff, E. Scott, P. Simon, H. Sintzenich, C. White, D. Watson, W. Ward, and G. Vendermini. There are seven beautiful examples of Rvland, after Angelica Kauffman, three by E. Scott, after George Morland, a whole series of plates by J. R. Smith, after Morland, a group by P. W. Tompkins, of the first order; three priceless original proofs by Richard Westall, and half-a-dozen of the best possible impressions by C. Wilkins. No lover of the noble art of engraving can afford to miss the opportunity of visiting the Wunderlich galleries, or at least of obtaining a copy of the admirably compiled catalogue of the exhibition, which in its modest self is well worth preserving for reference.

Common sense seems to be insidiously insinuating itself into our Treasury Department's official intelligence. The Department has not yet got so far as to regard all art as a blessing, but it is loosening up its old grip on the throat of the antique end of it. Mr. R. Hall McCormick, of Chicago, who has been making a private collection of old paintings abroad, wrote to the Department on October 22d saying that two of his pictures were held at the Chicago custom house and two in New York, because the customs officers were not sure that coming by twos the paintings could be admitted as a "collection" free of duty. Mr. McCormick wrote to say that he had one painting yet in London which had not been shipped, and unless it could be brought over as part of a collection of twenty which he was making for his residence, it would be necessary for him to export all those he had already received and have them reimported together as a collection. As a result of the appeal, I see by the *Daily News* of Chicago that Secretary Spaulding has instructed Collector Clark to admit Mr. McCormick's paintings, and that he cites the decision of Judge Latrobe, of New York, to show that articles intended to form a collection of antiquities may be admitted free of duty either singly or as a collection.

Considering the amounts of money, not to speak of the time and labor expended on them, it is curious that extra-illustrated books do not fetch better prices when they come into the market. But as extra-illustrating is a personal fancy, I suppose each man who has a turn for it likes to do his illustrating himself. When the library of good old John Allan, the pioneer extra-illustrator of books in America, was sold under the hammer, one of its prize works was Isaac Walton's "Compleat Angler," expanded to four bulky volumes with the insertion of portraits and pictures. This book, if I remember aright, brought six hundred dollars, and was considered the greatest of its kind. The cost to its owner must have been much greater than its sales' price. The extra-illustrating of honest old Isaac's famous volume is a consuming mania with our collectors, and John Allan's copy has many rivals now that far outshine it. Mr. Thomas J. McKee's "Angler" has been expanded to eight volumes, and is still growing, and Mr. Henry T. Cox, of Brooklyn, once showed me, in his library, an edition which already contained several hundred water colors, nearly as many etchings, and almost a thousand artists' proofs on India paper, not to mention an original water-color title-page drawn by Felix O. C. Darley, the first and greatest artist in the field of book and newspaper illustration who ever lived in the country. Mr. William T. Horne's "Walton," when I last saw it, had nearly a thousand prints added to it, and Mr. Robert Hoe's, the most magnificent of all, had been extended from two volumes to ten, by the insertion of some fifteen hundred prints and pictures. It is of this work that an enthusiastic collector said: "It is the finest book in existence." The popularity of the "Compleat Angler" is to be laid to the opportunities it affords for the introduction of portraits. There are print-sellers a large part of whose business it is to deal in portraits for extra-illustrating, and not their least profitable patrons are the Waltonians. And yet I saw an extra-illustrated "Angler" padded out to four volumes and in excellent choice of plates and style of binding, sold in Boston last week for \$100. At this rate, it would be interesting to know what the Hoe Walton, for instance, would bring under the hammer.

Somebody ought to compile a supplementary volume to the famous chronicle of "Queer Characters," devoted to the personal oddities of collectors. For distinct individualities, you must seek out people with hobbies. The very fact that a man has a hobby, marks him out as being original enough to possess a manner of his own, and an independence of spirit superior to ordinary and conventional rules. New York is a long way off from London in the richness of these types which haunt the bookstalls, but we have a few of our own here, all the same. I was standing one day in a bookseller's shop in this city, when a man came in. He was a rather tall, lean man, with a dry face, with dry whiskers at the side

of it, a dry skin to his hands, and a dry voice that grated on one's ear like the grinding of dry millstones. His shoes creaked as he walked, as if upon dry sand. He commenced to boss the bookseller all over his shop, in a voice that had the flinty sharpness of a sand-blast, and this helot of his craft permitted himself to be bossed. He, metaphorically speaking, rolled himself in the dust under the feet of his patron—and after all he did not sell him a book! After the patron had passed out, and a little moisture commenced to make itself felt in the atmosphere, parched before by his uncompromising and unsympathetic aridity, the poor dealer crawled out of some hole in which he had hidden himself, and remarked to me, as if in ecstasy: "Did you see? I nearly sold him that Elzevir." "But why didn't you sell it him?" I asked. "Because," replied the helot, "he wanted me to take another Elzevir of his in trade, and allow him my profit to boot." "But," I remarked again, "why didn't you tell him to go to the devil, if his trade didn't suit you?" "Oh," replied, in an awe-sunken voice, this faithful slave of his craft, "I couldn't do that, you know. Why, that was Mr. X—Y—Z!"

At an auction sale at Bangs & Co.'s last season, a nervous, elderly gentleman, immaculately attired, sat at the extreme end of a row of bidders, and made offers on some of the choicest items of the sale. He signified his bids as if he was afraid of being caught at it, and in the course of competition gradually worked himself up to such a pitch of excitement that he almost invariably lost his prize by being too agitated to raise the last bid on it. Such a picture of nervous distress as he presented, I believe would be difficult to duplicate. He shuffled his patent-leathered feet, tied his stylishly-trousered legs in knots of Gordian intricacy around the supports of his chair, started, gasped, gurgled, and nearly popped his eyes out of his head. If he had fallen in a fit I should not have been astonished, but he survived the ordeal, and after the sale bought most of the works he had been bidding on—I think they were eighteen-century French publications—of a dealer who had been smart enough to snap them up ahead of him, at a royal advance upon their cost to the dealer. Certainly the dealer had earned his profit, for the collector who cannot control his nerves has no more business at an auction sale than a deaf, dumb and blind man at a game of poker.

In another bookseller's shop, one afternoon I was mousing about, when a man entered who might have been, from his appearance, the head waiter in a swell restaurant, on a holiday. He wore a dress suit, although it was not yet time for people who are born to dress suits to dine. He had a clean shave, with the whiteness of powder still on his face. His side whiskers would have been a credit to an English groom. His manner was that of a palace-car conductor on a spree. He occupied the whole store with a rush. He carried a book away with him, after having, with great ostentation, written a check upon a blank which he pulled from his breast pocket, as a Delmonico waiter pulls out his pad. After he had passed out of my ken, the poor bookseller resumed the conversation his entrance had broken off. "It's a d—d shame," he said; "I let him have that missal you were looking at for less than it cost me." "Well," said I, unsympathetically, "why didn't you tell him to go to the devil?" "Oh!" replied my friend, "I couldn't possibly do that. Why, he is Mr. Z—Y—X, you know! And besides he pays cash."

Mr. H. W. Ranger, who has just returned from Europe and located himself in a studio fitted up for him in the house of Mr. L. F. Roos, the well-known expert, in East 47th street, in this city, has brought with him a remarkable record of his summer's industry in France and Holland. I have had the sincere pleasure of several times calling the attention of our collectors to this singularly gifted and powerful painter, and it is with additional gratification that I may note the progress he has made in his art. The works which he now displays set him, indisputably, at the head of the younger landscape painters of America.

Another American artist whose ability claims recognition, is Walter MacEwen, two charming cabinet pieces from whose brush may be seen at M. Knoedler & Co.'s. Mr. MacEwen is, I believe, a Chicago man. He has painted for a long time in Munich, but under the best and most advanced influences. Both the examples which Mr. Roland F. Knoedler has brought from his recent visit to Europe are interiors, one with a single male figure, the other with the figures of an old man and a young woman. They are brilliantly luminous in their effects of light, clear and sparkling in

color, and of a firm and finished treatment. The costumes are of the Seventeenth Century, and the surroundings are in picturesque keeping with the actors in these bright little scenes. Among the many native artists whom the generous enterprise of the house has encouraged, none has been more worthy or its good offices than Mr. MacEwen. The galleries of Knoedler & Co., always abundant in their revelations of new merit, are just now particularly rich in excellent works from American hands. A picturesque portrait of a scion of one of our aristocratic houses, is by Robert Gordon Hardie. It represents, in the size of life, standing at full length, in a drawing-room interior, a lad of, perhaps, ten years. The little rogue bears himself like a true grand seigneur in partibus. He wears a court dress of the last century, in black satin, and in his counterfeit presentment is a credit to his artist as well as his costumer. An interesting group of pictures is that composed of the "Ione," by the late Joseph Coomans, which has, by the way, been magnificently mezzotinted by William Sartain, and of two female types of the Pompeian period, by the artist's talented daughters.

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Mr. Frederick Keppel has written an article, in the nature of a critical and biographical study, upon the etcher Evert Van Muyden; to whose works Mr. Keppel originally introduced us. The paper is to appear in a new art publication, which is to be launched by Mr. William Kurtz, of this city.

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The Lenox Library has recently acquired, through the generosity of Mr. John S. Kennedy, a number of very rare manuscripts gathered by that gentleman at an expense of \$25,000, during his recent tour through Scotland. They are now on public exhibition and constitute a very attractive feature of the institution. The manuscripts include originals and copies of songs, poems and letters of Robert Burns, all in the handwriting of the poet, with his notes and emendations. There are letters of Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, John Knox, James VI., James VII., Prince Charles Edward, Rob Roy, and other distinguished personages. There is also Oliver Cromwell's order against vice and immorality, issued at Carron, near Stirling, October 19, 1650, and Montrose's signature appears upon the order for the burning of Urrie Castle, under the date of December 16, 1644.

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Henri Rochefort does not carry his rabid Bonapartephobia into his collectorship. Prowling among the curiosity shops the other day, he brought to light a parasol which, even in its faded condition, gave evidence of great original beauty and undoubted original worth. The silk was stained and its color had gone; the handle was studded with cloudy gems, or showed where gems had been; the ribs were of gold, delicately chased, and an indecipherable monogram was engraved upon the stick. The parasol suggested a history; romance seemed to cling to it and Rochefort insisted on knowing who had been its owner. The shopkeeper investigated, and much to the surprise of both, he found it had belonged to the ex-Empress Eugénie, and had been used by her in the days of the Empire. So Rochefort sunk the politician in the collector and took possession of the pretty trifle as a valuable relic. Apropos of Rochefort and his collections, I am informed that he is by no means as easy of money as he has been in the past, and that he has been privately disposing of some of his choicest pictures and biblebots for ready cash.

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On November 19th and 20th Messrs. Ortgies & Co. will sell a collection of the works of the able and original New York artist Frank De Haven.

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A business publication of interest to the bibliophile is the "Bibliographical Catalogue of Macmillan & Co.'s Publications," just issued by that house. The period covered by the catalogue extends from 1843, when Daniel Macmillan bought a bookshop in Oxford, to 1889. Not the least interesting part of it is the history of the house which it furnishes. Daniel Macmillan purchased the Cambridge business with the intention of establishing a branch of the house in London, to be placed under the charge of his brother Alexander. Before a year was over, both brothers settled in Cambridge, purchasing the business of another house there, and the firm was known as Macmillan, Barclay & Macmillan. In 1850 Mr. Barclay retired, and the name of Macmillan & Co. was adopted, which the firm has retained ever since. Daniel Macmillan dying in 1858, a branch house was opened in London, and in 1863 the firm removed to London, the business in Cambridge having been thus made an independent establishment, where it is still carried on under the name of Macmillan & Bowers. In 1863 Mr. Alexander Macmillan was appointed Publisher to the University of Oxford, a post which

he held until October, 1880. When the university took the management of its numerous publications into its own hands, the high appreciation of Mr. Macmillan's services was shown by the university conferring on him the degree of M. A. Under the management of Mr. G. E. Brett, a branch house was established in New York in 1869, which business was continued until Mr. G. E. Brett's death in 1890, when the London firm made Mr. George Platt Brett its resident American partner. The New York firm represents not alone the English house, but is the authorized American agent for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The volume is a handsome one, printed on good paper, clear in type, and on the cover may be found the many devices used by the Messrs. Macmillan on their title pages.

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Apropos of publications, one of our magazines will presently, I hear, give us an article on that wonderful Swiss genius, Arnold Böcklin. Böcklin is, to my mind, the most remarkable and original product of German art since the days of Dürer and Holbein. He is absolutely himself—like no one and capable of imitation by no one. There is an eccentric touch to his talent, but he possesses the faculty of rendering his most extravagant ideas worthy of serious attention. His mermen and merwomen, rollicking upon the waves, his centaurs, kicking each other's brains out in mortal combat, his gods and demi-gods, sirens, nymphs and trulls, are all so full of life and spirit, so thoroughly in keeping with the artist's swift and ready treatment of them, that one only wonders at the oddity of their inspiration after one has admired them for themselves. The most exacting criticism of Germany has conceded to Böcklin a place among the great artists. The Swiss swear by him, with pardonable pride. In this country he is absolutely unknown. I do not believe that you could find a single picture by him in America. If you can, it must have slipped through the fingers of the German collectors by accident. The appearance of his art among us will be a revelation. The critic to whom we shall owe our thanks for presenting him to us in print is Mr. Stoddard Dewey.

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On or about December 10th we shall have a catalogue by M. Henri Beraldi of his personal collection of books and prints. The latter collection is the most famous of its kind in the world. It was begun by the father of M. Beraldi, and is indescribably rich in masterpieces of line engravings. The son, since he inherited it, has largely added to it by his own choice of etchings. The catalogue will be embellished with illustrations and marginal notes in the style in which the author is unique. The edition, which is absolutely limited to 300 copies, has been entirely taken up in France, with the exception of four copies which have been subscribed for by Duprat & Co., of this city.

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The accident of inquiry on the part of a subscriber, may serve me as an excuse for calling the attention of my readers to the fact that for a subscription of \$3 per annum, one may receive from Bangs & Co. of this city, by post, all the sales-catalogues of the house promptly upon their issue. Persons who may desire to send in bids for any of the sales, will thus have ample opportunity to make up their lists, and be certain of missing no sales, in any one of which may be material worth acquiring. Moreover, the catalogues cannot but serve a useful purpose to collectors in the matter of reference as to special works which may pass through the sales. As the house holds almost daily sales of libraries, collections of books and other literary property, coins, medals, prints, autographs, etc., a collection of their catalogues alone forms a valuable memorandum of the course of business in their line throughout the year.

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Some three or four years ago, Baron Pichon of Paris bought a beautiful gold-enamelled cup, of the end of the fourteenth century, coming from a Spanish cloister. The cup was bought by him for about 400 francs, from a marine officer who had showed it to all the Rothschilds, and to the great Spitzer himself, who had unanimously declared it to be modern. Still the Baron, who is one of the greatest connoisseurs in Paris, risked its purchase on its merits and the weight of the metal, and in the course of tracing out its origin found that it had really come to the cloister to which it was ascribed in commemoration of a peace-treaty, which was signed upon the spot. In making this discovery, while it removed all doubts from his prize, the Baron got himself entangled in a lawsuit with the convent, which claimed the cup on the ground that it was stolen. The balance of favor rested with the Baron as an innocent holder, and he kept the cup. It has been sold by him to an English collector, one of my Paris correspondents writes me, the price being given at 10,000 francs. This same correspon-

dent, M. Jacques Heureuxhomme, notifies me of the appearance of a new figure in the world of Parisian collectorship in Monsieur Jules Forgés. M. Forgés is one of the richest men in Paris, as well as a man of refined artistic tastes. He was the purchaser of the famous Nattier from the estate of the Marquis de St. Pierre, a portrait in the full size of life, in the artist's highest style, of Mme. de St. Pierre and her daughter. The picture, a veritable masterpiece, such as can only come in these days out of great family collections, is signed and dated. It is in perfect condition, having never even been relined. M. Forgés begins well. Even from this remote shore of the world of collectorship I can afford to congratulate him.

The appearance at the Delmonico Galleries of a picture by José Benlliure should not be without honor at the hands of our collectors. Benlliure is an artist altogether too little known here—perhaps for the reason that European collectors appreciate him so highly as to absorb most of his productions. The Delmonico house has brought over two or three during the past lustrum. Mr. Godfrey Mannheimer has several in his unique collection, which he purchased in Europe. To all intents and purposes, however, Benlliure, who is, by the bye, one of the colony of Spanish artists settled in Italy, is still a man of the future to American collectorship.

George Fuller, now that he is dead and gone, is evidently a prophet in other countries besides his own. At the Seney sale a picture by him, and a fine one at that, called "Fedalma," was purchased by a Mr. McLean for \$700. After the sale the buyer received numerous offers for the picture, but declined them all. Recently he was approached by the representative of an English collector, who refused to be so lightly dealt with. His principal wanted the best Fuller he could get. The two best known are the example in the Clarke collection, now on exhibition in Philadelphia, which ranks first, and the Seney "Fedalma." The Clarke picture is, of course, not in the market. The result of the negotiation was the sale of the Seney "Fedalma" for \$3,000. After the business had been concluded, the seller remarked: "Have you any objection to informing me what limit of price your principal set on this picture?" "Not at all," replied the agent. "He authorized me to pay any figure up to £1,000." Owners of George Fullers may now congratulate themselves, and mark up their insurance on their treasures.

The news comes to me from Paris that the famous and important collection of the Count Daupias, of Lisbon, is to be sold at auction next May. The sale will be in charge of M. Chevallier, assisted by M. Eugène Féral, and will probably take place in the Georges Petit Gallery.

M. Henri Bouchot has added two volumes to the series of works by which he has interested bibliographers and bibliophiles the world over. These are devoted to subjects best indicated by their titles, to wit, "Les Livres à Vignettes du XVe. ou XVIIIe. Siècle" and "Les Livres à Vignettes du XIXe. Siècle." They are true essays by a book-lover on what he loves, and are as fine in execution as in style, and abundantly illustrated. They are issued through M. Edouard Rouveyre, with the imprint of the Bibliothèque des Connaissances Utiles aux Amis des Livres de Paris, and may be had here of Mr. E. F. Bonaventure. The same publisher announces for present issue "Antoine Watteau (Sa Vie and ses Œuvres)" by Paul Mantz, a handsome volume in octavo, with many etchings, engravings printed in colors and fac-similes of original drawings, for which subscriptions may be registered with Mr. Bonaventure.

I once occupied an office on Broadway, not entirely out of smell of Madison Square. I had for neighbor a person whose name may have been Jones—or perhaps it was Smith. Anyhow, his business was to execute orders for rich people who were too lazy or busy to do their own buying. He would purchase game for a bon-vivant, beef for a country cottager, furniture for this client or jewelry for that. In brief, he was a useful errand-runner on commission. One feature of his office was its perennial collection of Grandfather's Clocks. These tall timepieces were continually going out as well as going on, but the supply was never exhausted. A peculiarity about them was that they were all "antiques." If you doubted it, you might have a certificate, signed Jones—or perhaps Smith. Anyhow, the certification was as accessible as the clocks themselves, provided only that your checkbook was equally apparent in the transaction.

There may have been a time when my diligent neighbor owned a real antique or two in the horological line. Certainly, when, some years ago, the taste for these clocks was revived, and all that had such ancestral furniture stored away at home and all that could lay hands on any such in the outlying country, possessed themselves of examples, there were genuine ones among them. Even where the works were of no account the clock cases, genuine antiques, were bought for a moderate sum, and after being furnished up and supplied with new works, were set in the place of honor in many a costly mansion. Gradually the antique clocks became comparatively rare. Dealers bought up all that were within easy reach and the prices rose. Then it was that modern manufacturers began to compete with the old clocks in existence for a century or more. Tall clocks of the familiar old pattern are now made of quartered oak, rosewood, mahogany and other expensive materials. They are also built to perform all sorts of odd tricks, just as the old clocks were. Some mark the phases of the moon; others show the movements of the planets, the relation of the earth to the sun, besides marking month, day, hour, minute and second. Others do all these things and, besides, sound the chimes of Widdington or Westminster on long tubes of bell metal. These chimes are patented by an Englishman and they yield him a handsome revenue. They strike once for the first quarter of the hour, twice for the half, three times for the third quarter, and four times for the hour. Their tone is exquisitely soft and silvery. The best modern works are put into these tall clocks, and such a clock standing in the hall serves as a regulator for every other timepiece in the house. The price of these clocks ranges from \$350 to nearly \$3,000, and they sell as regularly as clocks costing but \$5.

Genuine antique clocks still bring good prices. The cheapest, when bought of dealers and in good running order, are seldom much under \$100, and some are as high as \$500. The names of a few famous old clock makers have come down to this age, and their clocks are still in demand. Two or three centuries ago it was not unusual for one of these clockmakers to work for years contriving to produce certain effects demanded by a wealthy patron. As illustrating the difference between the ancient and the modern method, it is interesting to note that a famous jeweler of this town has in his employment a man whose business it is to contrive clocks that shall perform any trick demanded. He will make you a clock that will spell out your name and age at every birthday, if you are egotistical enough to wish such a clock and rich enough to pay for such gratification of your vanity. Had that man lived three hundred years ago he would have passed his time in contriving devices to tickle the vanity of baron this or earl that, and would have thought himself well paid with a tight roof over his head, three hot meals per day and a few pounds a year laid up for old age. As it is, he probably lives in a Jersey suburb or a Harlem flat; earns a good salary and never sees the men for whom his cunning brain is constantly at work.

One of the oddest of these antiques which I have seen recently, is in Fullerton's Old Curiosity Shop in this city. It might be the clock of our old friend master Humphrey himself. It is ugly enough to be a prize, at any rate. Of its antiquity there can be no doubt. But it keeps fair time all the same, and it carries, concealed in its bowels, a mysterious mechanism by which more or less melodious renditions of long forgotten tunes are ground out at the turning of a lever. When the Old Curiosity Club has prolonged its sessions to an untimely hour, the presiding deity of the establishment has only to say "Robbie, wind up the clock" and the meeting is immediately adjourned.

There has been so much gush lavished upon the figure of Diana which makes a monstrous and hideous spot on the summit of the otherwise beautiful Madison Square Garden building, that it seems to me about time for some one to utter the truth about it. There is so much humbuggery about the alleged art-criticism of this city, that the great country of which this city is only a part, might be led astray if it believed all it read in the New York newspapers. For my own part, and in what little judgment I may be possessed of, I consider the so-called "Diana of the Tower" as egregious a humbug as was ever fostered on a confiding lot of stockholders by an architect in league with a sculptor. Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens is a man of undoubted talent. Wherever he deals with passive subjects he is successful. For higher flights of art his Diana must show him to be incapable. The supporters of Mr. St. Gaudens have persistently abused and maligned the greatest sculptor we have in America, Mr. John Quincy Adams Ward. Mr. John

Quincy Adams Ward has already created some works which illustrate his capacity and his power. He has shown himself to be an artist of an inventive and creative ability, independent of the mere fiction of feeling which is held to be a gospel by the St. Gaudens school. If Mr. Ward had modelled the weather-cock on the Madison Square Garden, you can take my word for it that he would have made it neither a bad copy of the Giralda of Seville, nor a mangled model of a living figure. I understand that Mr. St. Gaudens himself expresses regret at the general result of the figure. He says he was compelled to model it without a proper allowance for the height at which it was to be placed. Any one who knows what real sculpture is, who has seen the works of Carpeaux, of Mercié, of Falguière, of Aimé Millet, and other masters of the marble and the bronze, can afford to receive Mr. St. Gaudens's explanation with a smile of charity.

* * *

Mr. August Franzén is a European artist who, a year or so ago, settled in New York. His work attracted attention immediately it was shown. He painted landscape and the figure with equal facility, and in the feeling of the open-air school, whose votaries seek their subjects out of doors, and concentrate their efforts upon the reproduction of air and light and weather. Since his arrival in America he has made a diligent study of native subjects, the result of which was shown last week by the exhibition of his summer's work, in his studio at 146 West 55th street. It is satisfactory to record that his exhibition met with a cordial reception, and that our amateurs have extended, to his sincere and original merit, the recognition it deserves.

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Probably in the absence of the police—or at any rate without visible interference from the law it violated—the most unsavory of our downtown auction rooms last week sold what it was pleased to term a “superb collection of highly important modern oil paintings by the greatest artists.” All the great names were represented in the catalogue. The manner of their representation in most cases would have astonished the artists themselves. Such a grisly and doleful average lot of rubbish it would be difficult to imagine. The wonder to me is where such stuff comes from: and another wonder is that there are people foolish enough to make such a sale profitable.

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Subscribers to THE COLLECTOR will perform a grateful office to this paper by notifying me of the renewal of their subscriptions as speedily as possible after expiration. In order to keep the mailing of the paper in good form, the subscription books have to be completely revised with the commencement of each volume. This involves the transfer of a great number of names from the old to the new books, and all delay in this work complicates the labor of posting the paper. Subscribers and correspondents generally will do well to address all communications to THE COLLECTOR personally and by name to the editor.

THE ABSURD AFFECTATIONISTS

STUDIO, 108 West 23d Street, Oct. 7, 1891.

To the Editor of THE COLLECTOR.

DEAR SIR: Permit me to express approval of your very just estimation of the Affectationists, as the alleged Impressionists of the day should be called. I am not yet fifty, but have lived long enough to have seen several one-sided mannerisms—yea, veritable “side-shows” of art—side-tracked. For example, take the affectation of (post-Raphael) *Pre-Raphaelitism*; the exaggerated sky-reflections of the once-fashionable New Spanish School; and of several other schools, each successively presenting examples for chromo-lithography and the multitudinous phases of automatic reproduction; to say nothing of the Realist, so-called, who proved rather to be a cool-blooded scientist in disguise, with knife in hand and ever eager to dissect both Art and Nature.

The apotheosis of mechanism in fine art has been achieved. Its exponents have seen their day. Their glory is departing, but they inadvertently (for which give them credit) tend to enhance the value of the greater productions, the creative works, of appropriately-termed, full-habited genius; as are the creation of Titian, Tintoretto, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Constable, Gainsborough, Ruysdael, Hobbema, Everdingen, Michel, the Frenchmen of 1830, and of artists to-day, in any land, who are able to create works upon the same great and everlasting principles of art and the eternal truths of Nature.

Respectfully, CHARLES H. MILLER.

Among new pictures at Mr Bleiman's galleries are to be noted a brilliant Madrazo, the figure of a Spanish coquette in gala attire, and a spirited Grolleron, an advance of French skirmishers over a plain covered with snow.

THE RELICS OF WASHINGTON

MUCH interest is taken among collectors of historical materials in the groups of Washington relics coming from the recent sales into the possession of private collectors in this city. The richest series from the distribution was acquired by W. F. Havemeyer. It contains, in connection with valuable letters and papers of different sorts, a numerous series of small cash-books, bearing dates from 1784 to 1792, and showing a minutely complete system of entries. One series of these accounts is in house-books, with their unlimited suggestions. Another is in four farm-books, filled with meteorological records, items connected with the work of the men on the grass, and similar data. An element of scientific value not often met with in contemporary records is thus contained in this series. The hand-writing of the Secretary, Bartholomew Dandridge, chiefly appears in the pages. A few of the books contain occasional entries by Washington. Some of the most highly valued of the Washington letters are in this collection. One of these is ranked second in value to the most costly letter ever sold. Several of the letters of Mrs. Washington are also a feature in this series. One of them was privately obtained subsequently to the Philadelphia sale.

But Mr. Havemeyer is not a collector of Washingtoniana solely. He is an enthusiast in other fine autograph letters, as well. Two which have recently come into his possession are of especial interest and value, as showing some of the opinions current in the early days of America, when the boundaries of the young republic were not so extensive as at the present day. One of the letters is by Thomas Jefferson, written from his home in Monticello while President of the United States, and is interesting because the Louisiana purchase forms the principal theme; it is, however, written by his secretary. The second letter is by Thomas Paine, and treats of the same subject, interspersed with several amusing phrases. The letter is a six-page folio, closely written, and one of the finest specimen of Paine's rare autograph letters in existence. These two letters formed part of the Brackenridge correspondence, and were obtained at the recent sale in Philadelphia. The letters have been published in part in the *New York Sun*, for the benefit of students of early American history and autograph hunters, less fortunate than their owner.

Another important division from the collection recently broken up, which comes to this city, is in the hands of William Evarts Benjamin, consisting of about thirty articles. The greater number of these are in the form of letters, deeds, and other documents, with a few volumes of rare editions from the Washington library. The bust of Necker presented by Count d'Estaing to Washington in 1790, which was secured with this group for \$500, has been disposed of to a patriotic Philadelphia gentleman, from whose hands it passes to the Pennsylvania Historical Society as a permanent possession. The spy-glass used by Washington in reconnoitering at a distance, which was subsequently in service at Mount Vernon in days of peace, is shown in this series. Another much esteemed relic is the original india-ink drawing of the destruction of the Bastille, presented to General Washington by General Lafayette, with the key of the Bastille, which was given by Colonel John Augustine Washington to the Mount Vernon Association, and to which reference is made in the Marquis Lafayette's letter of presentation. This drawing, which was recently on exhibition at the National Museum in Washington, is enclosed in a gilt frame. At the bottom appears the inscription, “*Cathala Architecte Inspecteur de la Bastille, fait le 8 Aoust 1789.*” The top margin is inscribed in Lafayette's handwriting with the words: “From the Marquis Lafayette to Gen. Washington.” A black and gilt border painted on the original glass over the picture formerly concealed this inscription. By the accident of the glass being broken this writing came to light, more strongly confirming a fact of history regarding which little doubt was entertained. Another glass replaces the broken one of which Mr. Benjamin retains the fragments. This prize at \$450 he would not willingly have left to other competitors, although it is not the chief gem which he acquired from the sale. In historic importance no other relic of this division can be compared with the manuscript prayer-book of Washington, in a dozen leaves, of the dimensions of an ordinary pocket memorandum, but without covers. The \$1,250 which this brought at auction is not considered an excessive price.

Another series, held by Walter R. Benjamin, contains a copy of Washington's official report of the First Congress in 1774, a survey of Mount Vernon, the will of Lawrence Washington, the black velvet coat in which Washington was inaugurated for the second Presidential term, the bronze lions which surmounted the gateposts at Mount Vernon, and other interesting objects. The